

My loving

natic! I trust of

Vale, though one of a

mother's nest, and cannot

side.

18

We had a shower of rain last night, (it was more refreshing than copious,) and Nature to-day appears in her best attire. This, you know, is my favorite season of the year, and much did I admire (not the ride itself, but) the beautiful appearance of the fields, and orchards, and forests, between Brooklyn and Providence. If autumn's ripened fruit is better for the palate, spring's early blossoms are far more beautiful to the eye. There is nothing in the world more ~~beautiful~~ lovely than innocence; and what of earthly things is more innocent than Spring, with her buds, and blossoms, and flowers? — Alas! that I cannot fully enjoy the rich perfume of her breath, my catarrh in the head almost entirely destroying the sense of smell! But even our losses are sometimes gained. Miss Martineau, by being deaf, is not troubled with the gabble of voluble tongues; still, it is unquestionably better to hear than to be deaf. Cousin Eunice is blind, and thereby is never called to contemplate many disagreeable scenes; still, it is better to see than to be blind. I cannot smell as acutely as formerly, and am therefore ~~not~~ not troubled by the stench of a crowded city; still, it is better to smell than to have obstructed nostrils. Hence, I am still trying the prescriptions of Dr. Bolus, and hope almost against hope to effect a cure. He has given me a bottle of medicine to carry to Boston — a large table spoon-full to be taken in the morning, another at noon, and a third at night. This is to benefit my blood. He has also given me a white powder to take in pinches as snuff, which causes much sneezing, and a copious discharge of the mucous from the head. I am also, every other night, to snuffle up a red liquid, to cleanse my head — (query, will it improve the brain?) My nose, externally, appears uncommonly respectable; and no longer libels my cold water habits.

3, just before
 that evening,
 I should have
 been there; and so
 out, and several
 other abolitionists. The conversation was very free
 and spirited, and mostly confined to the question of slavery, An-
 gelina expressing her sentiments with all boldness and fidelity.
 Such men as Wm. Jenkin were handled without mittens, yet
 without any particular references.

After leaving my things at J. E. Brown's, I went up
 to see sister Charlotte and brother Henry, as in duty bound.—
 The latter seemed to be improving visibly, both in health and
 spirits. Our fears, in regard to the effect of his ride from Brook-
 lyn, were groundless. He told me that he felt better the next
 day than he had done for many weeks previous.

Yesterday morning, ^{Friday May 20} I had an hour's interview with A.
 C. Grimké, at Wm. Jenkin's, brother Henry accompanying me.
 Of course, it was ~~an~~ hour that went pleasantly, profitably,
 rapidly. She appeared to be extremely glad to see me, and
 regretted that she could not go to Boston, to be present at our
 Convention. She was just going to take a morning ride, but
 gave it up, and insisted upon my tarrying for conversation.
 I did not like to detain her long, as she was to embark for
 New-York at 12 o'clock, and therefore many things were not
 said which I wanted to say. She told me that she had been
 trying to induce Wm. Jenkin to manufacture free cotton ex-
 clusively! He said he could not get it. I presume he is
 not willing to make any efforts to get it. He just came
 into the room a moment, gave me his hand with a delibera-
 te air and an equivocal smile, and then left us together.
 Soon after, his eldest son made his appearance, and strutted
 into the room as stiffly and loftily as a Lord Mayor with
 his official robes upon his precious carcass—not deigning
 to speak to Henry or myself, or mingling at all in the con-
 versation. Deliver us from a Quaker coxcomb!

and had a
went to see
mansion, and
versation. His
clear and vigorous. He is well
of the Texian
affairs with great interest. He inquired after you and the babe,
and father, and all the household. (Miss Brown)

On leaving him, we rode down to his bridge, made
a round circuit by the late Mr. Ives's house, and from thence
went to Pleasant Valley, to the mutual pleasure of the visit-
ers and the visited. Friend Chace's immense family is well,
without a single exception. Last evening, I spent some pleas-
ant hours with them, leaving Henry to tarry all night. He
has sent me a note this morning, in which he says, "I am
in fine health and spirits." I believe he is to return this
afternoon into the city. How thankful, how joyful ought
we to be at the prospect of his recovery!

Bros. Stanton and Murray gave anti-slavery ad-
dresses at Pawtucket last evening, conjointly. The former is
to give a lecture this evening in the city, in the High-street
meeting-house, and to-morrow evening another in Pawtucket.

I am sorry to learn that Beriah Green has gone
back to Whitesboro', and cannot attend our Convention. We
expect Stuart in Boston on Tuesday, and Stanton on Monday
forenoon.

I still feel the effects of my New-York cold;
and do not expect to be much more than the fifth wheel
to a coach at the Convention. There is not much probability
that I shall go to Concord. I find that I have lost four pounds
of flesh within a fortnight, and nine pounds within a few
months. Now, you will say with all anxiety, "Be extremely
careful of your health!" I will, rely upon it. Dr. Mc
Intyre says that the best remedy for my complaint would
be ^{to} have potatoes, and cut loose from all exciting subjects
for a time. He says my pursuit is such as unavoidably causes

much heat
fluids, and
not.

you may
If you love, I am from you soon; and say
not that you have nothing worth communicating. It is very
comforting to be assured of your health.

With great abundance ^{of love} to all the family, and sending
innumerable kisses to you and the babe, I remain,
Lovingly yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Providence, May 28, 1836.

Single
Mrs. Helen E. Garrison,
Brooklyn,
Connecticut.

